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Providence Independent

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Growing Old.

What if we grow old? Shall we laugh or sigh,
As summer's roses are passing by?
When no longer the nestling sparrows call,
And the dead leaves drop in the dying fall?
Let us laugh as the gold glows bright in the leaf,
And garner in gladness the ripened sheaf.
Let us sing! let us sing! as the hours fly fast,
Though the scented bloom of the May is past.

What if we grow old? And what care we,
Though the blue sky fade with the leafy tree?
Our hearts are young and our spirits sing
Of the glad, deep joys that the snow will bring.
The frost-kings whisper with icy breath,
Of a loyal love that can know no death.
Oh! the dearest of life has been left untold,
That we never can know till it's growing old.

Think you that the apple buds that swung
Fruit, airy sprays in the ether hung,
Were half as fair as the dainty mould,
Of fruit aflame in its mail of gold?
Think you that the swallow's first note that rang
Were clear as the last glad song he sang?
Oh! the blithest of life has been left untold,
That the year knows not till it's growing old.

What if we grow old? Are our loves all dead,
With the brown beneath and the gray o'erhead?
Ah, no, there are hearts we can add and cheer,
By words of kindness, by counsel dear.
Let the snow fall softly about our feet,
We welcome their coming, their presence sweet.
We can gaily laugh as the hours fly past,
For pain and sorrow, joy comes last.

What if we grow old? Shall it grieve us now,
Though youth's glow vanish from cheek and brow?
Hand clasped, in hand and heart reading heart,
We are strong in the faith that can ne'er depart.
We have learned that the autumn out-vies the spring,
That we never can know till we're growing old.

A HIDDEN PEARL.

The quaint little German town was wrapped in the darkness and silence of midnight.

Within a narrow chamber at his lodgings Lewis Craven was dying, while over him sorrowfully bent Aubrey Mortimer, the friend and companion of many years of delightful wandering through the old world.

Mortimer was by ten years the younger of the two. He was wealthy and elegant—a favorite in society. Fortune seemed ever to smile on him.

Craven, on the contrary, was poor—a litterateur with a good deal of talent, but he lacked energy for the hard work which would have insured him profitable success.

He was a thoroughly educated, agreeable, fascinating gentleman.

When a mere boy he married; a year later his girl-wife breathed her last, leaving him a father and a widower at the age of twenty.

He never married again.

The child, a little girl, was placed in charge of a nurse until she attained a suitable age to be sent to school. There were years during which she did not see her father. Then came a letter to the young girl which filled her with delightful anticipation. She was to join the father whose face was almost unknown to her, but whose charming letters had been the joy of her boarding-school life. She was to leave school, leave London, and cross the Channel to the old town where her father was waiting to welcome her.

This letter preceded a call from Aubrey Mortimer, who, being in England, was to escort her to her father.

The first time he saw Cecil Craven he thought her a shy little school-girl, with big hazel eyes, a quantity of brown hair, and brown complexion to match.

"Homely little thing," he thought; and frightened half to death, poor baby!

And thereupon, following the impulse of his chivalrous heart, he exercised every power which his worldly experience had given him to make her long ocean voyage a pleasant one; and she, in her gratitude for his kindness and courtesy, showed herself to be a very delightful and sensible little companion. So that when Mortimer handed Cecil Craven to her father, he had grown to have a brotherly regard for her, while she had put him upon a white pedestal, and was prepared, after her passionate, girlish fashion, to worship him as something little less than godlike.

All of which—had Mortimer known it—would have touched and shamed him a good deal.

But he did not know it. No one would have guessed at the strength and warmth and passion of little Cecil's heart.

She kept her secret shut close from the world. She was happy; it was happiness to be so constantly with the two of all others whom she loved—her father and Mortimer. She kept the rooms neat and bright wherever they were; she sewed on her fathers' but-

ton's; she mended Mortimer's gloves in secret, shy delight; she got up delicious little lunches for the two men, and took a hand at cards with them, or made one of their jolly fishing or mountain parties.

So a year passed until Cecil was nineteen, then a mortal illness overtook Lewis Craven, and dragged him down to his death. The merry, careless life of Bohemianism was ended, and what would become of Cecil—poor little Cecil, whose sole relative was the dying father who had saved not a penny for the girl? Something like this burst in an agonized moan from Craven's lips as he felt the icy hand of death close about his heart.

For a moment Mortimer thought rapidly. He had cherished a strong and tender friendship for Craven—the friendship of a man, who, despite his elegant, care-free existence, was ready to lay down that existence for his friend, if need be. Cecil was a dear little thing—would make a quiet wife, he had no thought of marrying, yet he would marry Cecil for her father's sake.

"She shall be my wife, if she will have me," he said to Craven; I give you my word of honor, no harm, or sorrow shall come to her.

"God in heaven bless you!" sighed Craven, and as a faint, satisfied smile lit his pallid features, the soul went forth into eternity.

After the funeral, while Cecil, in her coarse black garments, was counting drearily enough the contents of her modest purse, Aubrey Mortimer came to her.

Her lips quivered at the sight of him—she was so interwoven with his life, her joy, her bereavement.

He drew the poor little purse away from the slim brown fingers, and seating her with gentle authority in the one easy-chair the room contained, he said:

"Cecil, child, your loneliness must excuse me of speaking to you of love at such a time. You need a protector, poor child. It was your father's wish that you should become my wife."

"And yours?" she queried, timidly.

"And mine."

"Mr. Mortimer," raising two wistful tear-filled eyes to his face, "do you love me?"

For an instant he was struck dumb. The handsome lips which framed so readily in society smooth and charming speeches, were mute before little Cecil.

Suddenly he knelt on a hassock beside her chair, and framed the sad girl's face in his strong hands.

"Little girl," he said, "I love no woman better—you believe me, don't you? I am not a very good man. I have lived an idle life, and had many roving fancies; but no women commands me of such honest liking and respect as does the daughter of the man who was my dear friend. I do not expect you to love me, just at first; but all that money and earnest desire, can do, shall be done to make your life a happy one; and little girl, you can make my home bright and pleasant. We will drop this wandering life and settle down comfortably at home. Come dear, I am as lonely as you are—shall we not join our fortunes?" And Cecil allowed him to take her in his arms and kiss her, saying in her heart all the time:

"He does not love me! He shall not know how dearly I love him!"

To England they went, after being quietly married in an old stone chapel in the queer little German town, and began housekeeping in a luxurious fashion in a fashionable quarter of London.

For a year they went into society not at all, and received very little company. During that time a new writer had entered the literary world, whose *nom de plume* was Feuilleton. Charming sketches of the old world, and daintily sweet bits of verse—which not infrequently were set to music—appeared under this name.

Again and again did Mortimer praise these articles to his wife.

"The author must be a woman," he said, "rich in experience—a woman who has seen the world, loved passionately, and suffered, yet who has been true to all the nobler instincts of her womanhood. I would be proud to count that woman among my friends."

And quiet Cecil, swaying to and fro in her plain home attire, with a bit of needle-work in her hand, would smile a little wistfully, and say nothing.

When they began to go out more,

invitations poured in upon them, and at last came one from Lady Barmister, a leader in society, who had the reputation of gathering under her roof the most brilliant authors, musicians, and men of science.

"We must attend this party," my dear," said Mortimer. "Lady Barmister is an old friend of mine. I met her in the street this morning, and she told me that the publisher who has printed so many of Feuilleton's exquisite articles, has promised to induce the authorities to accept an invitation."

Cecil, with demurely downcast lids, signified her pleasure.

"I wish you could play and sing, Cecil; they'll be sure to ask you."

"I used while at school," said Cecil, a faint color fluttering into her brown cheeks. And then, half sorrowfully: "I'll do the best I can, Aubrey. I hope you won't be ashamed of me."

He laughed rather uneasily.

"What a sensitive little thing it is!"

And his lips touched her brown head lightly as he passed her on his way to the door, where he hesitated for a moment, and then returned.

"Cecil, he said, hesitatingly, "what shall you wear? It must be something exquisite, for Lady Barmister gives magnificent parties. I wish you would allow me to select something for you."

Then for the first time in their acquaintance, Cecil showed her temper, as she faced him, bright-eyed and crimsoned-cheeked.

"Now, Aubrey, you may just go straight about your business, which isn't the choosing of my toilet. I will endeavor to spend as much of your money as I can upon it, in order to do you credit."

And then, as Mr. Mortimer puckered up his mouth for a whistle, she broke into a ringing, musical laugh, and hurried him out of the room.

On the evening of the party, she came down to the drawing-room, where her husband was awaiting her.

He looked at her in dumb amazement. He had never before seen her in full evening dress, and it burst upon him all of a sudden that his brown little wife was a beauty.

She wore, for the first time, the diamonds which he had given her.

They gleamed among the masses of her braided hair, about her curving throat, and around her bare arms; they looped the overdress of exquisite white lace, through which the heavy white skin shone dully and they glittered from the lace rosetts of her dainty kid slippers.

Her cheeks and lips were glowing with excitement, and her great eyes were like stars.

"Cecil you witch! What have you been doing?" he cried, as he led her out to the carriage.

She laughed rather mockingly.

"I've been spending my lord's money she retorted.

A murmur of admiration greeted them as they entered Lady Barmister's salon; and it was not long before Mortimer realized that he was having very little of his wife's company. He began to wonder vaguely if Cecil had not a vein of coquettishness in her nature, for she talked, and laughed, and danced with one another, and all seemed alike charmed with her.

They had one waltz together, which surprised Mortimer more than anything else, for never partner of his had danced with such grace and lightness as did his wife.

Later in the evening someone led her to the piano. Mortimer's heart gave a great throb of apprehension.

"Foolish child?" he thought; "she ought to know better than to sing before these people—she will surely," and he turned away to hide his mortification.

Little knew he of the long hours spent by Cecil in patient practice at home! A few tremulous notes fell upon his ear, and then, as he caught his breath with dread, the sweet voice increased in passion and volume, and filled the room with entrancing melody.

Mortimer stood like one in a dream, while his wife sang song after song at the request of the eager thought at the piano.

He roused himself with a start when, leaning upon the arm of one of the leading journalists of the day, she approached him.

He bent toward her, laughing to cover the depths of his feelings, and murmured:

"I expect next to discover that you are Feuilleton herself."

Cecil said something to the gentleman at her side, whereupon he said, most impressively, to Aubrey:

"Mr. Mortimer, I have the honor and pleasure of introducing to you, in the person of your wife, the charming authoress for whom I have heard you express such warm admiration."

Mortimer recovered himself almost immediately and bowed low, while his lips framed some graceful acknowledgment of this new surprise. But he was very quiet for the rest of the evening.

Cecil watched him furtively with wistful eyes, and longed to be at home once more.

When at last they stood in their own chamber, Aubrey, turned the gas up brightly, removed Cecil's white opera cape, and looked at her gravely and looked at her gravely and sadly.

"My wife," he said—"my brown little Cecil, whom I never feared of looking!—you have grown so far above me, that I am dazzled by you splendor."

"Does it trouble you?" she asked, with her hands upon his shoulders, and her flushed face, a little weary from the evening's dissipation, uplifted to his.

He crushed her slender figure in a passionate embrace, and kissed her again and again.

"It troubles me to think," he said, hoarsely "that while my wife has the whole world at her feet, she will not care to know that her husband's heart is wild with adoring love for her!"

Cecil's face paled to the very lips. Once, twice she essayed to speak in vain, and then, with a little nervous laugh which ended in a sob, she murmured:

"Aubrey, I have loved you ever since you were so kind to me on my journey to papa. You have been my hero. It has been the one desire of my life since I knew you to win your love, and thank Heaven I have succeeded. My husband," and here she kissed him slyly on the forehead—"the world can never separate us."

Wrecked.

BY ARTHUR OF "CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

Two ships sailed out past the harbor bar
One beautiful autumn day,
More precious than all earth's jewels are
Was the freight they bore away.

There were fond farewells and anxious sighs,
And meeting of loving lips;
There were earnest prayers, as from longing eyes
Sailed the two love-freighted ships.

The sky was clear, and the sun shone bright,
When they left the harbor town;
But the storm-king rode on the deep at night,
And one of the ships went down.

Two human ships set sail one day,
On a calm and sunlit sea;
From their port of home they sailed away,
And one was lost. Ah me!

There were hidden reefs of crime and sin,
O'er which his life was tossed;
There were merciless eddies to draw him in,
And he to life was lost.

When ships go down in the trackless deep,
We weep, and the church-bells toll;
But Heaven mourns and the angels weep
When is wrecked the human soul.

—Youth's Companion.

DE LONG'S DIARY.

THE TERRIBLE STORY OF THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE WHICH IT TELLS.

WASHINGTON, June 26.—The Navy Department is in receipt of advices from Engineer Melville, dated Lena Delta, March 26, in which he gives a detailed account of his operations up to that date and full particulars of the finding of the remains of De Long and his comrades. This story has already been told. But Engineer Melville also forwards a copy of a note-book found by De Long's body, which tells the story of the struggle for life which the men had. The notes were begun on October 1, 1881, and were continued to October 30. Towards the last the notes were very brief. The first entry tells of the amputation of Erickson's toes. On the 3d of October nothing was left to eat but their dog, which was killed and dressed and a stew made of such parts as could not be cured. All partook of the stew except De Long and the doctor. They sat around a fire all that night, but had it not been for Alexy's sealskin, De Long writes that he thinks he should have died from the cold.

The next morning Erickson was unconscious and had to be lashed to a sled. At eight o'clock the party reached a hut large enough to hold them all, and for the first time since

Saturday they managed to get warm. Erickson was very low and prayers were read for him before the others sought rest. At ten all except Alexy lay down to sleep. Alexy went off to hunt, and at noon returned wet, having fallen into the river. At six they roused up and had a pound of dog meat for each person and a cup of tea, the day's allowance, but they were so grateful that they were not exposed to the terrible gale which was raging at the time that they did not mind short rations. The next day, Wednesday tea and dog meat were eaten and on Thursday Alexy was sent out to hunt and Erickson died while he was gone. Alexy returned empty handed. The notes at this point say: "What in God's name is going to become of us?"

Fourteen pounds of dog meat left and twenty-five miles to a possible settlement."

Under date of October 6 the notes say: "11th day meat and tea. The last grain of tea was put in the kettle and we are now about to undertake a journey of twenty-five miles with some old tea leaves and two quarts of alcohol. However I trust in God, and I believe that He who has fed us thus far will not suffer us to die of want now." They got under way at 8.30 A. M. and proceeded until 11.20, by which time they had made about three miles and were all pretty well done up. They had half an ounce of alcohol in a pot of tea for dinner. Went ahead and soon struck what seemed to be the main river again. Here four of the party broke through the ice in trying to cross, and fearing frost-bite a fire was built. Alexy shot one ptarmigan and there was soup for supper. On Sunday, the 9th, Noros and Ninderman were sent ahead. The party crossed a creek, broke through the ice and got wet. Dinner consisted of half an ounce of alcohol, but three ptarmigans afforded soup for supper. They found a canoe and found partial shelter for the night.

The entry for Monday, October 10, is thus: "Last half-ounce alcohol at 5.30. At 6.30 sent Alexy off to look for ptarmigan. Eat deer skin scraps. Yesterday morning ate my deer skin foot-tips. Under way at 8. In crossing creek three got wet. Built fire and dried out. Ahead again till 11. Used up. Built a fire and make a drink out of the tea leaves and from the alcohol bottle. On again at noon. Very hard going. Ptarmigan tracks plentiful. At 3 halted. Used up. Crawled into a hole in the bank. Alexy in quest of game. Nothing for supper except a spoonful of glycerine. All hands weak and feeble, but cheerful. God help us."

"Tuesday, 11—S. W. gale, with snow. Unable to move. No game. One spoonful of glycerine and hot water for food. No more wood in our vicinity."

"Wednesday, 12th.—Breakfast, last spoonful of glycerine and hot water. For dinner a couple of handfuls of Arctic willow in a pot of water and drank the infusion. Everybody getting weaker and weaker. Hardly able to get firewood. S. W. gale, with snow."

"Thursday, 13th.—Willow tea. No news from Ninderman. We are in the hands of God, and unless He relents we are lost. We cannot move against the wind, and staying here means starvation. Afternoon, went ahead for a mile. After crossing another river, or the bend of the big river, missed Lee; went down in a hole in the bank and camped. Sent back for Lee. He had laid down, was waiting to die. All united in saying the Lord's Prayer and Creed. After supper strong gale of wind; horrible night."

Breakfast on Friday consisted of willow tea and one-half spoonful of sweet oil. On Saturday breakfast consisted of willow tea and two old boots. Sunday Alexy broke down, and on Monday the 17th, died. On the 19th the doctor went ahead to find a new camp, and the final entries read:

Friday—Kaack was found dead about midnight between the doctor and myself. Lee died about noon. Read prayers for sick when we found he was going.

Saturday—Too weak to carry the bodies of Lee and Kaack out on the ice. The doctor, Collins and myself carried them around the corner out of sight. Then my eyes closed up.

Sunday—Everybody pretty weak. Slept or rested to-day and then managed to get enough wood in before dark. Read part of Divine service.

Suffering in our feet. No foot-gear. Friday—Tyerson died during early morning.

Saturday, 29th.—Dressler died during the night.

Sunday, October 30th, 140th day—Boyd and Gartz died during the night. Mr. Collins dying.

This is the end of Lieutenant DeLong's diary. DeLong, Surgeon Amble and Ah Sam, the cook, died soon after the last note was written.

A Misapprehension.

"George," said Mrs. Simms, "did I hear you say just now to Walter that you had bought a horse?"

"Yes, darling; I bought a horse to-day for—"

"No matter what you bought it for, you had no right to indulge in such extravagance. You know we cannot afford to keep a horse upon your salary, and it was not just to your family to purchase one anyhow without consulting me, for you know that I am constantly going without things that I actually need in order to make both ends meet, and—"

"But, darling," said Mr. Simms, "you don't understand that it—"

"I gave up the idea of getting a seal-skin sash for the sake of economy. Harry wants a new overcoat this very minute, and Jennie is hardly fit to go to church in that old bonnet, and yet while we are denying ourselves, you, utterly indifferent to the feelings of your family, go out and waste money recklessly purchasing fast horses."

"It is not very fast, dearest, because it—"

"Fast or slow, it will consume your means too rapidly. You know you can't keep the horse at a livery stable for less than five dollars a week, and I should like to know where the money is going to come from unless we discharge our servant girl, so that all the work will come upon me. I should think you would enjoy riding out behind a fast horse very little when you know your poor wife is at home toiling like a galley-slave among the pots, kettles and pans!"

"If you will permit me to explain, Emma, you will see that you are—"

"Explain! explain! I wish you could explain how our bills are going to be met while that horse is eating his head off in a livery stable, and the coal in the cellar is still unpaid for and the gas bill comes in on Thursday and the sitting-room carpet is nearly in rags. You need never ask me to ride out with you! Never! I will not give my countenance to such folly by having anything to do with that miserable beast. I will walk if it kills me—yes, if it kills me! And sometimes I half believe you wish it would kill me!"

"Just listen to me for a moment, Emma, and I will remove—"

"It seems too tard that our love should be interfered with by a horse! I never thought when I married you that a vile horse would win your affections from me and that I should have to suffer the bitter shame of having my husband prefer a miserable creature on four legs to me. But that is what it is coming to, and I don't see that there is anything for me to do but to pack up my things and go back with a broken heart to poor mother's, where?"

"Emma!"

"What?"

"Stop for a moment!"

"Well!"

"Do you know what kind of a horse it was that I bought?"

"No, but I know—"

"Wait! wait!"

"Well, what kind of a horse was it?"

"Emma! it was a clothes-horse!"

The Little Children's Watches.

Yesterday an old man entered a Little Rock store, and taking from his pocket an old buckskin pouch he emptied two coins on the counter, and then, after regarding the silver for a few moments, said:

"Mister, I want to buy some goods to make a dress."

"That money is mutilated, old gentleman. This twenty-five-cent piece has notches filed in it, and this fifty-cent piece has been punched. You see, they have been abused. I can't take them."

"Abused," said the old man, "Abused" and he took up the fifty-cent piece and looked at it tenderly. "And you won't take it on account of the holes. Heaven grant that I did not have to offer it to you. Years ago, when my first child was a little girl I punched a hole in this coin and strung it around her neck. It was her constant plaything. At night when she went to bed

we'd take it off, but early at morning she would call for her watch. When our John—your didn't know John, did you? No. Well, he used to come to town a good deal."

"Where is he now?" asked the merchant, not knowing what to say, but desiring to show appreciation of the old man's story.

"He was killed in the war. I say that when John was a little boy I strung this quarter around his neck. One day his watch got out of fix, he said, and he filed these notches in it. He and his sister Mary—that was the girl's name—used to play in the yard and compare their watches to see if they were right. Sometimes John wouldn't like it because Mary's watch was bigger than his, but she would explain that she was bigger than him and ought to have a bigger watch. The children grew up, but as they had always lived in the woods they were not ashamed to wear their watches. When a young man came to see Mary once she forgotfully looked at her fifty cents. 'What are you doing?' asked the young man, and when she told him she was looking at her watch he took it as a hint and went home. After this she did not wear her watch in company. Well, Mary and the young man married. John went off in the army and got killed. Mary's husband died, and about two years ago Mary was taken sick. When her mother and I reached her house she was dying. Calling me to her bed, she said: 'Papa, lean over,' I leaned over, and taking something from under her pillow, she put it around my neck and said: 'Papa, take care of my watch.' The old man looked at the merchant. The eyes of both men were moist. 'Do you see that boy out there on that wagon?' he said. 'Well, that is Mary's child. I wouldn't part with this money, but my old wife, who always loved me, died this morning, and I have come to buy her a shroud.' When the old man went out he carried a bundle in one hand and the 'watches' in the other.

—Little Rock, (Ark.) Gazette.

A Texas Mother-in-Law.—Æsthetics in the Lone Star Route.

A tall woman wearing a sun bonnet came into the office of the chief of police, and sitting down handed on the end of a bench, wiped her nose, snuffed her eyes at the chief, and asked in a voice that reminded one of the sharpening of a saw:

"Be you the galoot that locks folks up?"

"I regret to say that I am occasionally obliged to resort to such extreme measures with refractory persons."

"I know all that; but be you the galoot?"

"Yes, madam."

"Why didn't you say so when I asked you?"

"I did."

"You didn't sir, and if you don't treat me like a lady, I'll fold you up and sit down upon you," and she snapped her eyes some more like a terrier.

"What do you want?" asked the official, looking as if he needed reinforcements right away, and plenty of them.

"I want the dirty whelp that married my daughter. I want to talk to him on business, but he evades me. If I could get a chance to caress him once more!" and she breathed hard and gritted her teeth until the official felt in his pocket for a police whistle.

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TRAPPE, MONTG., CO., PENN'A.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, July 6, 1882.

The Fourth of July this year could not have been observed in a very public manner, anywhere, with any degree of comfort. The rain, however, did not dampen the patriotic ardor of the boys, who used all the means at hand in celebrating the National holiday.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY is the latest candidate for admission as a State. Its population, according to the last census, was only 75,116, and the basis of Congressional representation is now 151,906; but it is claimed that its population is growing so rapidly that its figure by the time the next election takes place.

The Malley trial that was in progress at New Haven, Connecticut, for two months, came to an end last week. The jury acquitted the Malley boys and Blanch Douglass of the charge of murdering handsome Jennie Creamer. The particulars of the case are known to our readers. The parties indicted and tried were no doubt morally responsible for Jennie's death, but technicalities of the law and free and easy jurymen, frequently blockade the ways of justice.

The many friends and patrons of that excellent educational institution, Ursinus College, have reason to congratulate themselves upon the substantial and flattering progress made by the College during the past year, a principal feature of which was the recent payment of the floating debt, amounting to \$12,500. President Bomberger succinctly stated the position of Ursinus on Commencement day, last week. The Faculty engaged at this College is composed of thoroughly competent instructors, and the Board of Managers are progressive, intelligent business men. Ursinus deserves the patronage of those seeking a thorough academic and collegiate education.

At the Democratic Convention held in Harrisburg last week, the following ticket was nominated: For Governor, Robert E. Pattison, of Philadelphia; Lieutenant Governor, Chauncey F. Black of York; Supreme Judge, Silas M. Clark, of Indiana; Secretary of Internal Affairs, J. Simpson Africa, of Huntington; Congressman-at-Large, M. F. Elliot, of Tioga.

This is a clean ticket, and with such a man as Pattison at the head of it, it represents the very best element in the Democratic party.

So far as men, personally speaking, are concerned, the three tickets now in the field have a most excellent representation throughout. But this promises to be a year of political principles rather than of men.

The Democrats, excepting a few hard-shelled Bourbons, appear to be well satisfied with Pattison, and will vote for him; men of all parties admire his record.

The chief hitch exists between the Republicans. With them there is a great contradietion in regard to the principles that shall govern the party in the future. The regulations of the party managers in the past have antagonized thousands of Republicans, among whom there are scores who were first to rock the cradle when the party was in its infancy, and in days when it required courage to express honest sentiments in favor of right and eternal justice to mankind. The third term business at Chicago set the ball of dissatisfaction rolling, and it has been rolling ever since, getting larger with every revolution. Don Cameron was at the head of the Grant movement; other actions of his have been equally obnoxious to hosts of Republicans, who are now on a grand strike.

Our method of consigning Cameron to oblivion would be to vote direct for a democratic legislature. The defeat of Beaver, alone, will not defeat Cameron; so long as the legislature of Pennsylvania is Republican, so long will Don Cameron figure as United States Senator, in name, draw his pay, and kick men out of office who are of no political use to him.

As matters now exist, Beaver will be defeated because he stood by Cameron at Chicago in favor of obnoxious Grantism, and for the main reason that Beaver represents the Stalwart wing of Republicanism, at least in the minds of thousands within the party who will vote the Independent ticket.

If harmony of action is not secured within the Republican party, which under existing circumstances seems impossible, Pattison will be the next Governor of Pennsylvania.

BUSINESS, CROPS, AND PRICES.

From the New York Sun.

Out of 869,000 persons engaged in business in the country, 3,597 failed

during the last six months, with aggregate liabilities of about fifty millions of dollars. The liabilities amounted to about ten millions more than in the first half of 1881, but the increase was not enough to indicate any unsound condition of business.

The proportion of failures, indeed, was very small, and the loss by bad debts, was so slight in comparison with the volume of business transacted and the number of firms engaged in it, that the last six months were really remarkable for business health. In 1878 the number of failures was one to every 72 traders. In 1882 it was one to every 128.

These figures, which we take from the semi-annual circular of Messrs. R. G. Dun & Co., show that the gloomy apprehensions in regard to business which have been so widely entertained of late were not justified by the actual condition of trade during the year. Those statistics rather suggest mercantile soundness, and lead us to hope that after the comparative inaction of the summer, and with the coming of greatly reduced prices for food, business will be both vast in volume and satisfactory so far as concerns profits.

Already a very considerable share of the wheat crop has been harvested, and it is settled that it will be a very rich one, probably even greater than those of the two years preceding 1881. All the other grains are promising well. The weather has favored them, and as yet few reports of set backs to their prosperity have come in. A harvest which will be as a whole of extraordinary abundance begins to be confidently expected.

That promises well for the business. It also indicates the speedy coming of prices for food as low as any to which we have been accustomed in the most plentiful years. Even butchers' meat has already declined somewhat from the prices of a short time ago, and when fall-brings in the recently matured stock it must come down to still lower figures. Cattle have been and are still selling for more per pound, live weight, than the dressed meat, could formerly be bought for at a family market.

But pasturage is unusually rich this year. The cattle of the West have not been decimated by a harsh winter, and the reported losses of them by flood have probably been exaggerated. Prices much lower than those now prevailing need not be expected for three cheap potatoes are plenty, and articles of food generally are obtainable at reduced prices, the cattle yards will contain exceptionally fine stock, numerous enough to bring their cost down to moderate figures.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 5, 1882.

It has been said that justice is not always swift, but it is sure. And so we have just now witnessed the final scene of the appalling tragedy which plunged the Capital and the Nation into sorrow, one year ago. The punishment of Guitau was not, in its swiftness, been in accordance with the magnitude of his crime and the impatient demands of an outraged people for sharp and decisive retribution, but justice was unerring at last. Small atonement as such a life as Guitau's is for the deed he had done—for the innocent blood of Garfield—it is the only penalty in the power of any human tribunal to exact. Its final adjustment is numbered with the secrets of the great hereafter. Probably a majority of the American people would have preferred that this man had been found unmistakably insane. It is not all pleasant, nor altogether an assuring thought that any man in the full possession of his faculties should harbor the purpose of murder against the President of the United States, but in the instance before us, its startling outlines freshly limned upon the near horizon, there was no alternative compatible with the majesty of the law, the honor of the judiciary, the safety of human life in high official station.

Death upon the scaffold is awful in all its aspects. It was so in Guitau's case. It was a solemn and uncommon spectacle, the like of which was never witnessed in this country before, and it is to be hoped will never be again. But the tragedy which Guitau wrought was awful to an immeasurably greater degree. The country could never be avenged for the unprovoked murder of its Chief Magistrate by the death of the assassin, though he were hundred-necked; and the people who in crowds around the jail rent the air with shouts when Guitau was hung do not rejoice in the sense that his miserable life has been balanced an unsettled account. In the stern arbitrament of justice, however, which has overtaken this senseless and extraordinary murderer, we may find an assurance that henceforth the Chief Magistrate of the United States will be surrounded by safer defenses against the spirit of violence, whether in the form of fanaticism, conspiracy, or supernatural inspiration.

There is in history a single prototype of Guitau—Robert François Damiens who in 1757 attempted to assassinate Louis the XV of France. From boyhood he had been vicious, deserting twice from the army, stealing from those who employed him, and leading a wandering, worthless life. Finally he imagined that he had a mission to perform to redeem France from what he regarded the evil rule of Louis. The parallel between Damiens

and Guitau is complete, so far as the inception of their crimes and the causes leading thereto are concerned. Neither had an accomplice, but conceived and carried out their crimes alone. Both had led vicious lives. Both were religious enthusiasts, Damiens taking a great, even a violent, interest in the quarrel between the Pope and the Jesuits which excited the interest of the whole Catholic Church of that day. Both insisted that their acts were meritorious. The parallel, however, fails alike in the result of their criminal attempts, and in the punishment meted out to criminals. Louis XV did not die—Garfield did. While the horrible and barbarous cruelties inflicted on Damiens, attending and before his execution, are too atrocious to contemplate without disgust, are not the good dinners, the almost luxurious quarters, the receptions, the flowers, the photograph-peddling, the sentimental coddling generally that Guitau has received from official and unofficial hands just as disgusting!

Of course the details of the execution would be old before this letter could reach you, and probably there is little in connection with the affair that I could give you as news. Eight telegraph instruments were clicking in the jail office from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, and muffled messengers were busy talking dispatches to the telegraph offices up town, so that it is scarcely possible that anything of interest could have escaped the argus eyes of the hundred reporters, whose orders were to telegraph fully. Something of the character of Guitau is illustrated in his violent denunciation of President Arthur for refusing clemency, and abuse of "those wretches," as he termed them, who had hounded him to the scaffold, "and you, too," he cried out, pointing his finger at Gen. Crocker and deputy, "You will both be sent to hell." On the scaffold, however, while reading his "Religious baby talk" he broke down several times and wept bitterly. Rev. Dr. Hicks has a journal of his interviews with Guitau which he says contains a great many things that would prove interesting reading if it were published, but there were portions of it that would never be given to the public until all the actors in this great drama had passed away. He says he labored hard to get at Guitau's conscience, and it was many days before he succeeded. But what he has recorded can be of little importance to the world now, and it is to be hoped that when the official report of the autopsy is published we shall have heard the last of Guitau. There is relief in the thought.

JUNES.

GUITEAU HANGED.

THE ASSASSIN OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD PAYS THE PENALTY OF HIS CRIME UPON THE GALLIOWS.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The last act in the tragedy is over. At precisely twelve o'clock and forty-three minutes Charles Jules Guitau was hanged. He died without a struggle and with scarce a tremor. The execution was witnessed by about two hundred people, nearly all of these being representatives of the press. The execution was very well conducted and was quickly over. Guitau walked to the gallows without making the violent scene which many had anticipated. His religious adviser, Rev. Dr. Hicks, offered a short prayer, and Guitau read a selection from the Scriptures. Then he read a prayer in which he called down his blood upon the nation and denounced President Arthur as a coward and an ingrate. A poem which he had written during the morning was chanted by the assassin, and then the trap fell. His neck was broken and his death was painless. The physicians and experts subsequently made an autopsy.

THE LAST BREAKFAST.

At 7 o'clock this morning Guitau's breakfast was taken to him in his cell and before the waiter left him Guitau ordered him to have his dinner ready by 11 o'clock sharp. The breakfast consisted of an omelet, about three-quarters of a pound of broiled beef-steak, a large plate of toast, a pot of coffee and a generous supply of fried potatoes. Guitau, while waiting for his breakfast, had been talking on religious subjects with his guard, but when he saw the waiter bringing in his meal he sprang up from his seat and began to make preparations for eating, at the same time thrusting a small book into the hands of his guard.

"Come back after I finish my breakfast," said Guitau, "and I will put my autograph in it for you. It would do you much good to read that little book and especially the passages that I have marked."

The book was a small-sized cloth volume, entitled "The Blood of Jesus," and was comparatively new, one or two passages having been marked. "Read carefully," attention being directed to them by a roughly-executed hand. His last breakfast was disposed of with evident relish, and what he left on the plates would not keep a bird alive. The gusto of the prisoner astonished his guards, who seemed much disgusted at his ravenous appetite. While he was occupying his time in this manner another scene was being enacted in a cell but a few feet distant from him. The rope which was to encompass his neck was being carefully inspected and stretched by an experienced guard and the noose adjusted for the last time. At 8 o'clock it was attached to the cross-beam, where it dangled in full view of the spectators till the hour fixed for the execution.

It was 11.45 when a squad of twenty soldiers, armed, with bayonets fixed, filed slowly down on both sides of the

balcony from the chapel and took up their position, under a lieutenant and orderly sergeant, on the eastern front of the rotunda. There were now upwards of two hundred people in this place, and the tramp of the soldiery brought them to the realization that the time for the hanging was near at hand. The sharp drop of the muskets as they fell at an order arms resounded throughout the jail and a death-like stillness seemed to follow. It was only for a moment, however, and then the buzz grew louder and before.

Expectation was now worked up to the highest pitch. In the meantime the miserable wretch who was soon to expiate his great crime on the gallows had been conducting himself in a way that surprised most of those who surrounded him. His only fear in the morning had been that the execution might be bungled in some way. He desired everything to go off smoothly and to be spared any unnecessary suffering. He had been seeking such religious consolation as could be afforded by reading the Scriptures and arguing the points with Mr. Hicks when the dinner, ordered at 11, at his own request, reminded him that his time was short. He ate heartily, notwithstanding his impending doom, and talked cheerfully. About 11.45, however, the tramp of the military in the rotunda startled him and the shock of musket butts on the stone floor sent a shiver through every limb. He fell back on the cot with a face as pale as death. At first it was supposed he had fainted but this was wrong. He was quickly laid hold of, but rose to a sitting position without assistance. He burst out crying like a child and exclaimed bitterly: "God will soon call me home. Isn't it terrible that I have to die for doing God's work?"

THE EXECUTION.

At the example of Warden Crocker everyone in the corridor removed his hat. The condemned stood firmly in place, without even shifting his weight from one foot to the other or any other sign of uneasiness. His eyes were apparently more steadfast than usual, and did not roam about as was his habit in the court room. When the condemned had closed his Gospel reading Mr. Hicks unfolded Guitau's "Dying Prayer on the Gallows," as he himself termed it. It was written on foolscap and was held before him by the preacher, who shifted the pages as the man read.

THE "DYING PRAYER."

Father, now I go to Thee and the Saviour. I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do and I am only happy to go to Thee. The world does not yet appreciate my mission, but Thou knowest it. Thou knowest Thou didst inspire Garfield's removal and only good has come from it. This is the best evidence that the inspiration came from Thee and I have set it forth in my book that all men may read and know that Thou, Father, didst inspire the act for which I am now murdered. This government and nation by this act, I know, will incur Thy eternal enmity, as did the Jews by killing Thy Son, my Saviour. The retribution in this case came quick and sharp and I know Thy divine law of retribution will strike this nation and, my spirit of this nation, its government and its newspapers toward me will justify Thee in cursing them and I know Thy divine law of retribution is inexorable. I therefore predict that this nation will go down in blood and that my murderers, from the Executive to the hangman, will go to hell. Thy laws are inexorable. Oh, Thou Supreme Judge! Woe unto the men that violate Thy laws! Only weeping and gnashing of teeth await them. The American press has a large bill to settle with the Righteous Father for their vindictiveness in this matter. Nothing but blood will satisfy them, and now my blood be on them and this nation and its officials. Arthur the President, is a coward and an ingrate. His ingratitude to the man that made him and saved his party and his life from overthrow has no parallel in history, but Thou, Righteous Father, will judge him. Father, Thou knowest me, but the world hath not known me, and now I go to Thee and the Saviour through the slightest ill will to want a human being. Farewell, ye men of earth.

The reading of this was accompanied by a very different state of feeling on the part of the condemned assassin. When he got to his advice to the Lord to curse those whom he pronounced his murderers he rose on his toes and helped the curse along with great emphasis. "Woe unto the men who violate Thy laws, only weeping and gnashing of teeth await them." Whether he happened to think it was applicable to himself and his present condition on the gallows or not he broke down with weeping and sobbed for the first time. But it was when he read or tried to read his "original poem" that he was most affected.

There were strong indications before he got through that he would break himself all up, but he rallied at the close of his sing-song recital and bowed his head in silence.

Rev. Dr. Hicks placed his hands gently, very gently, on the man's brow and gave him the final benediction: "God, the Father, be with thee and give the peace forever more."

The side attendants then stepped nimbly forward and pinioned his legs and the black cap was placed over his head by Mr. Strong. The condemned man never flinched, merely tossing his head a bit to drive a fly from his nose. Your correspondent, at the foot of the gallows, twenty feet distant, could see his eyes close as the cap went over them. He uttered the words, "Glory, glory, glory," and his tongue was still forever. The warden had raised his handkerchief, the drop fell with a quick sharp thud and the body of Charles Jules Guitau was dangling beneath the platform, while his soul had passed into the great beyond. There was scarcely a distinct movement of the limbs, only a slight shiver. The neck was broken and he died instantaneously.

As the drop fell the prisoners in other parts of the jail heard the sound of their own chains rattling. Having had an experience of over 20 years at the business we feel confident of giving satisfaction to customers. Patronage solicited.

SOLDIERS

Now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military service are entitled to PENSION. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an Increase. Careful assistance given in Delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. CHAS. & GEO. A. KING, Attorneys-at-law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

one of the wrecked cars, but escaped with little or no injury beyond a wetting. The killed are C. M. Woodruff of Newark, and G. W. Demorest and E. L. Brady of New York.

Harness Emporium,

Upper Providence Square Pa.

JOHN G. DETWILER Proprietor.

[Successor to Jos. G. Gotwals]



The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he is prepared to fill all orders for Harness at short notice and at reasonable prices. GOOD MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP. A full stock of

BLANKETS, TOP-COVERS, IMPROVED COLLARS, WHIPS, &c., &c.

All kinds of Harness Oil, and a supply of all kinds of goods pertaining to the business. Repairing done in the best manner. Satisfaction guaranteed to all.

John G. Detwiler.

THE HARTFORD



SEWING MACHINE

Just Perfected.

The largest under arm, The lightest and quietest, The most lavishly decorated, The least vibration of any, A galaxy of new patents, Simplicity simplified, Durability determined, Reliability reasserted.

Ball-bearing balance wheel; Newest and most elegant design in stand and wood work. Positive take-up, perfect stitch. This machine is wanted by everybody.

MILTON B. HARLEY, Agent.

Boyersford Pa.

ALSO the Domestic and other different makes of machines sold. Oils, needles, and attachments.

F. G. KRAFT, DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,

Notions, &c., &c.

EVANSBURG,

Large and varied stock of all kinds of Goods, usually kept in a Country Store. Good Quality and at Philadelphia prices.

SWITCHES both good and cheap at

E. M. AUGER'S

16 East Main Street, Norristown, Pa.

COMBING made up, and a large stock of of switches, COMBS, Trizzes, pins and nets always on hand.

Trappe Hotel,

J. S. FREDERICK, Prop'r.

The old and favorite hotel furnishes the best accommodations to man and beast. No better water in the country. The bar is always supplied with the best liquors and cigars. ICE CREAM during the summer season. Teams to hire. Boarders taken at reasonable rates.

BE NOT DECEIVED

By Plasters claiming to be an improvement on ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

ALLCOCK'S is the original and only genuine Porous plaster. All other so called Porous Plasters are imitations. Beware of them See that you get an

ALLCOCK'S PLASTER which we guarantee has effected more and quicker cures than any other external Remedy.

Sold by all Druggists.

BLACKSMITHING

The undersigned having located at Keeler's Smith Shop, a short distance west of Trappe, will take pleasure in executing all kinds of Blacksmithing work at short notice. Horse shoeing, Jobbing &c. Special attention given to Carriage and wagon ironing. Having had an experience of over 20 years at the business we feel confident of giving satisfaction to customers. Patronage solicited.

F. S. FREDERICKS.

SOLDIERS

Now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military service are entitled to PENSION. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an Increase. Careful assistance given in Delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. CHAS. & GEO. A. KING, Attorneys-at-law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG and PRESCRIPTION STORE!

Pure Drugs and Spices, Patent Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Diarrhoea Mixture, LINIMENT, AGUE PILLS, LIVER PILLS, Chicken Powder, for Gaps, Rouse and Cholera, JOSEPH W. CULBERT, Two Doors above Post Office.

LADIES DRESS GOODS

IN DIFFERENT STYLES LOWER THAN EVER.

BLACK GOODS, CASHMERES ALPACAS, BUNTINGS,

WHITE GOODS, LINEN LAWS, VICTORIA LAWS, PERCALES, &c.

NOTIONS.

A large Stock of Notions. Ladies, and Gents' Furnishing Goods at the lowest prices. HATS for men and boys—a much larger Stock than ever. In the line of

GROCERIES.

We are always fully supplied with the best in the Market. Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Dried Fruits, Syrups, Provisions, &c., &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Ladies' Misses' and Childrens' Shoes and Slippers. Latest styles of boots and shoes for men and boys; just received a large new stock to be sold at bottom figures.

WALL PAPER.

Large Stock of the latest patterns. Glassware, Crockeryware, Wood and Willow ware, Oils and Paints, Rubber Paint a specialty.

Thankful to our patrons for favors received in the past, we trust to merit—by fair dealing, good goods and reasonable prices—continued and increased patronage.

BEAVER & SHELLINGER,

Trappe, Pa.

FRESH GROCERIES!

COFFEES, TEAS, SPICES,

CANNED FRUIT, DRIED FRUIT, &c.

Syrups and Sugars, Fresh and pure.

FULL STOCK OF NOTIONS, HOSIERY, &c.

The B-st Cigars and Tobacco,

BOOTS AND SHOES

For all kinds of wear has been judiciously selected, and will be disposed of at bottom figures. Repairing done. Goods delivered free. Patronage kindly solicited.

F. B. RUSHONG, Trappe, Pa.

1882. Quick Sales. At The Small Profits.

CORNER STORE,

You will find at all times a large and well selected Stock of

Dry Goods and Notions.

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Gents' whole suits made to order; \$5.00 and upwards, from a large Stock of plain and fancy Cassimeres and Worsteds.

PURE FRESH

GROCERIES,

Full Line of the Best QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, WOOD and WILLOW WARE, HARDWARE, and CUTLERY.

Boots & Shoes Direct from the Factory.

PAINTS and OILS.

By Constantly adding new goods I am able to keep up a good selection.

JOS. G. GOTWALS,

P. O. Address, Phoenixville, Penn'a. Upper Providence Square, Montg. Co.

Large STOCK of GOODS

At G. F. Hunsicker's Store Rahn Station is unsurpassed in Variety, Quality and Price. We mention the principal Departments:

GROCERIES: DRY GOODS.

We always keep a full and carefully selected stock of Fresh Pure Groceries, so that every customer may make satisfactory purchases. Coffee, Sugars, Tea, Spices, canned fruits, of the best. Produce: Apples, sweet and white potatoes, &c., &c., "Eat drink and be Merry," and remember that we can supply you.

You will always find us prepared to fully equip you with Dry Goods of all descriptions, qualities and prices. An enumeration is not necessary here. We will only mention, the latest calico prints, Calico remnants (that we are selling at a great sacrifice). Dress Goods—latest patterns. Cassimeres, Sheetings—full width—bleached and unbleached; Tickings, &c., &c. Remember the fact, and profit by paying us a visit.

Clothes and Cassimers:

We are selling excellent Cloth and Cassimers at first cost. If you want a bargain here is a chance. They are goods in Stock from last year and we desire to dispose of them as soon as possible. Also a well selected stock of the latest styles of Clothes and Cassimers at prices that will surprise you for cheapness. Suits made to order. If you need clothing we will clothe you, and you will be happy.

Boots & Shoes

In variety. Men's boots for \$1.75—the best for the money in the market. Rubbers, Overshoes, &c., for men, women and children.

Ladies and childrens' shoes and gaiters of all styles, at almost wholesale cost. We can supply everybody, young and old, with just what may be wanted in this department, and don't forget us when in need.

Calicoes:

New stock of Calicoes; choicest and latest prints. Gingham in variety. For quality style and price, we are bound to excel. Come and see us. No trouble to show goods. Special bargains in remnant calicoes, of which we have a large stock on hand.

STOCKINGS and HOSIERY:

The largest stock of Stockings and Hosiery outside of Philadelphia. Stockings from 5 cents up. Stockings that were sold at 15 to 20 cents per pair are selling at 10 cents. We can supply you with any variety or specialty that you may desire, so give us a call.

Remember that our Stock of Crockery and Queensware is the largest in this section of the county. Anything that you may desire we can supply you with at bottom figures.

We extend our heartiest thanks to the public for the liberal patronage that we have received in the past, and seek the present method of extending an invitation to all, old customers and new, to further favor us with their patronage.

G. F. HUNSICKER,

Rahn Station Pa.

Iron Bridge P. O.

Providence Independent.

Thursday, July 6, 1882.

TERMS—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.

Milk.....6.24 a. m.

Accommodation.....8.25 a. m.

Market.....1.25 p. m.

Accommodation.....4.45 p. m.

FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.

Mail.....7.44 a. m.

Accommodation.....9.14 a. m.

Market.....3.13 p. m.

Accommodation.....6.38 p. m.

SUNDAYS—SOUTH.

Milk.....6.24 a. m.

Accommodation.....5.12 p. m.

NORTH.

Accommodation.....9.55 a. m.

Accommodation.....6.06 p. m.

At Saturday was the eighth anniversary of the disappearance of Charlie Ross.

Kimby, the noted Collegeville florist and seedsman, makes an important announcement in another column.

According to recent compilation, the military strength of Montgomery county is represented by 12,770 able bodied men. Montgomery is great in peace and mighty in war.

Fifty shares of stock of the Royersford Bridge Company were offered for sale at the Philadelphia Exchange on Wednesday, but were withdrawn on the account of the insufficiency of the bids.

A raspberry and ice-cream festival will be held on the grounds of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Evansburg, on Saturday evening next, July 8th. All are cordially invited to attend.

The Pennsylvania railroad company are experimenting with coke as a substitute for coal on the locomotive, in order to avoid smoke. Should the experiment prove successful the company proposes to use it generally upon its lines.

Do not go abroad to get what you can have as well done at home, nor require things of your neighbors at lower prices than it would cost you to get them elsewhere. We are all benefitted by our neighbor's business in having it to help the prosperity of the town or community in which the business is carried on.

The Philadelphia Grand Jury say in their report: "We earnestly recommend that measures be taken to enable the proper authorities to thoroughly investigate the Perkiomen creek and other water supplies with a view of determining the means, costs, &c., of building a viaduct from such streams to the city reservoir."

A man about seventy years of age, who said his name was Henry Marvin, arrived in Pottstown on Friday. He said he left Montgomery county for the West when only seven years old, and that in the past few months he had walked over one thousand miles for the purpose of seeing his birth-place which he thinks is near Federachville.

The funeral of Alan W. Corson, of Plymouth, was the largest ever held in that part of the county. The eminent character and great age of the deceased brought together great numbers who had known him only to love and revere him for his distinguished virtues. The line of carriages which started at a quarter past eleven extended in a close line nearly half a mile, or well over the distance to the Meeting.

The Ironbridge Cornet Band was organized on Wednesday evening of last week. The following officers were elected: President, John Willauer; Vice President, Clayton Hunsicker; Secretary, Abraham Rahn; Treasurer, Clement H. Detweiler; Leader, Michael Hoot. The Constitution and by-laws were written and adopted. The new instruments were received. Meetings for practice will be held every Wednesday evening. We extend our best wishes to this newly organized band.

A well posted writer upon the subject of the peach crop in Maryland and Delaware, based on the past seasons, comes to the conclusion that no less than 3,250,000 baskets of peaches will be grown on the peninsula this year for the market. It predicts that peaches will be very cheap in the markets as a "crop of 3,000,000 of baskets will permit only very fine peaches to sell for more than \$1 per basket, and cause fair quality to sell as low as 50 cents, at which price the grower scarcely gets any return whatever."

Stock Sales.

H. Allebach will sell another carload of fresh cows at Perkiomen Bridge on Monday morning next at half-past eight.

At a cow sale recently held at M. S. Croll's hotel, Skippackville, by John G. Stauffer, one cow, with calf, brought \$100; another \$93; and a third \$84. The cow and calf sold for \$100 weighed 1825 pounds. The lot averaged \$67.

Frank Wallace, of Jeffersonville, celebrated a birthday anniversary by a levee to a number of friends on Saturday.

General Beaver in Town.

The Regular Republican candidate for Governor of this great and mighty Commonwealth—the Keystone of the arch—struck this ancient and classic town between five and six o'clock on the evening of the Fourth, in company with H. K. Weand, Esq., I. P. Wanger, Esq., and A. S. Swartz, Esq., of Norristown fame, and of legal and political prominence in this county. The General was on his way to Chester Springs. The party intended to "take in" the celebration on the Island. After making a short stay at Frederick's hotel, shaking hands with republicans, independent and democrats, the General was taken to Phoenixville by landlord Frederick. The Republican candidate created a favorable impression here.

Independence Day.

The Fourth of July came and went. The rainy, dismal weather accompanying the nation's holiday is still with us, at this writing, with indications of a prolonged visit. The glorious celebration of the Fourth was celebrated without the glorious, in the vicinity of the kitchen stove, and the imagination had to supply that which the Clerk of the weather refused to grant. The common interest of all in this section was centered on the Island at Rahn Station, and had the weather proved favorable, the assemblage would have reached over a thousand in number, sure; but the weather was balky, the heavens were hung with dark, heavy threatening clouds in the morning, and at 11 o'clock, sooner or later, the rain came down in its usual way, of course. About two hundred people had gathered on the Island in the morning. The Lansdale Cornet Band arrived, in style. By the way this is an excellent band of good looking musicians; this fact is worth remembering. The countenances of those present corresponded with the indications of the weather, and those who could "laugh and grow fat," in face of the circumstances are entitled to a medal—not a "boss" medal, but a medal representing some goddess of good humor. Among the deserving we might mention our friends. H. W. Kratz, Esq., Senator Royer, Dr. J. W. Royer, P. J. Davis, Rev. J. H. Hendricks, and a few others, whose names will be forthcoming when the medals are ready. The band discoursed a number of enrapturing airs. The rain continued falling, and the transient inhabitants of the Island were kindly invited to go home and warm up.

Two Flashes from a Single Bolt.

Brother Reifsnnyder, of the Norristown Times, with his easy-flowing pen, produced the following:

Something unusual was witnessed at Collegeville after the shower last Saturday. The rain had fallen in torrents for a few moments, but now the sky was almost clear and a rainbow in its prismatic beauty stretched from horizon to horizon. The people of the village were out of doors looking at the beautiful sight and talking about the storm, when they were startled to see a flash of lightning descend perpendicularly to within about one hundred feet of the earth, when the current separated into two streams, which darted off in opposite directions, followed by one report. Two cherry trees, one on the premises of David Allebach and the other in the field of Abraham Grater, a half mile distant from each other, were struck simultaneously by the two flashes of lightning, and were knocked into toothpicks in quantity sufficient to keep the people of Collegeville supplied for a decade. The cherry crop, too, was somewhat damaged. The strange phenomenon was witnessed by many persons, all of whom describe it alike and aver that, although there were two distinct flashes there was but one report.

An exchange gives the following sensible advice in regard to the too common practice among parents of boxing their children's ears. "The drum of the ear is as thin as paper, and is stretched like a curtain between the air outside and that within; and thus having to support it and being extremely delicate a slap on the side of the face with the hand, made with the force which sudden and violent anger gives it, has in a number of cases ruptured this membrane, resulting in the affliction of deafness for life. As the right hand is almost always used, it is the left ear which is stricken; this aids in accounting for the fact that the left ear is more frequently effected with deafness than the right."

The following explains itself. It means that there is to be another political contest in this county for the office of President Judge.

NORRISTOWN, July 1, 1882.

To Messrs. G. R. Fox, B. E. Chain, Charles H. Garber, Charles Hunsicker, and others, members of the Bar of Montgomery County.

GENTLEMEN:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 20th ult., requesting me to allow my name to be presented to the next Democratic Judicial Convention for the nomination of President Judge of this Judicial District; and I have given to the subject of your communication the deliberation its importance demands.

You will agree with me, I know, in regarding the Judgeship as a station which it is not befitting for a candidate to solicit as if it were an ordinary political office. It should be accepted rather than pursued. If however at this time the nomination should come to me, as did your letter, without any participation or prompting on my part; and I should be elected by the people; I will accept the trust; and in the discharge of its duties and responsibilities I shall endeavor to justify the confidence which your request implies.

Very truly yours,

B. M. BOYER.

Abraham Rahn, near Grater's Ford, is at present erecting a new barn on his premises, that will be a model of convenience and durability when finished. The work is being pushed along as rapidly as possible, as storage room for the crops will soon be needed.

Henry A. Stevens, Esq., on Friday, in the U. S. Circuit Court, of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, filed a bill in equity as counsel for Jeremiah Frantz against Michael McCann, both of this county, to restrain said McCann from further infringing on Frantz's patent "Corn Planter and Fertilizing Distributor."

Ursinus Commencement.

Promptly at 10 o'clock, a. m., the procession moved from the college buildings to the Trinity Christian Church in the following order: The Band; Board of Directors; Faculty; the graduating class; Alumni; visiting clergy; lady students; male students. Long before the hour the church was crowded with an intelligent and appreciative audience. The Eureka Orchestra of Allentown, Pa., under the direction of E. Lehman, Rube, furnished excellent music. The exercises opened prayer by Rev. Dr. Klopp, of Philadelphia.

The salutatorian, Louis Edward Taubel, of Philadelphia, after bidding the audience a neat and appropriate welcome, delivered his oration, "The Majesty of Principle." The gentleman's style of delivery was good, and his production was listened to with attention. It contained just enough patriotic sentiment to make it spicy and entertaining. The audience showed their appreciation by a storm of applause. Ira Williams Kline, Myers-town, Pa., was excused from delivering his oration, "National Reform," on account of severe and protracted illness. The Philosophic oration, "The Formation of Character," by Frank A. Guth, of Guth's Station, Pa., was well written, and delivered in an earnest and interesting manner. The valedictorian, Augustus Wight Bomberger, Collegeville, Pa., followed with an oration entitled "The Power of Opinion." The production was excellent, the sentiment grand. The style of delivery was very impressive and eloquent. At the conclusion of his oration, the gentleman laid farewell to the Board of Directors, the instructors, his fellow students, and his classmates.

The President, Rev. Dr. Bomberger, conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon each of the four graduates. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Rev. E. G. Williams, of York, Pa., of the class of '75. Many flowers and a few handsome and useful gifts were then presented to the different members of the class.

At 3 p. m., was held a "re-union of the friends and guests of the college." During the remainder of the afternoon the friends of the college gathered upon the campus where the orchestra favored them with many choice selections. Several solos by the celebrated harpist, Signor J. Setiro, were especially appreciated.

The President's reception, at 8 p. m., was well attended and all report an enjoyable time.

A Pennsylvania Cyclone.

A BUTLER COUNTY VILLAGE WRECKED, AND OVER TWENTY LIVES LOST.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 1.—The village of Coalville, Butler county, suffered from a terrible cyclone a few minutes after 7 o'clock last evening. The track of the storm was only about one-quarter of a mile wide and ten miles long, but in that territory great damage was done. In the country adjoining the village many houses were blown down, but as far as can be ascertained no one was hurt. The principal portion of the ruin wrought was in Coalville.

A new frame store building and dwelling, owned by Frank Bard, was completely wrecked in an instant. Mr. Bard, his sister-in-law and his clerk, Mr. Cannon, were badly injured. Mrs. Bard was blown a considerable distance, but miraculously escaped any injury beyond a few bruises.

About 500 feet south of this store a dwelling-house, occupied by Thomas Johnson and family, was blown down, but all the inmates escaped injury.

The residence of Mr. William Barnes was completely swept away, not a board remaining. Mrs. Barnes was blown fully three hundred feet and lodged in a fence corner. She was so badly hurt that she died within half an hour. A child of Mr. Barnes was carried five hundred feet, and received injuries from which it died this evening.

The residence of Mr. Jonathan Kelly, which contained nine persons at the time the cyclone struck it, and all the persons in the building were more or less injured. One of the inmates, William Henly, has since died.

In a barber shop next door Mr. and Mrs. McQuiston were so seriously hurt that they are expected to die. The only hotel in the place, the Kelso House, was so badly damaged that it will be necessary to rebuild it, and the village drug store is in about the same condition.

Altogether about fifteen houses were wrecked and from twenty-five to thirty persons killed and injured.

In the track of the storm scarcely a tree is left standing, giant trunks being twisted off like pipe-stems and in some instances carried hundreds of yards. The loss will probably exceed \$75,000.

MARRIED.

Sunday evening, June 25th, at Freeland, Montg. Co., by Rev. J. H. Hendricks, Mr. Wm. Jarrell (foreman in the office of the Phoenixville Messenger) to Miss Lida Allen, both of Phoenixville Chester County.

REUBEN W. TYSON, Royersford P. O. ENOS TYSON, Schwenksville, P. O. EXECUTORS.

W. C. Crocker, in Norristown Register.

Since the execution of the atrocious murder of Guiteau on Friday last, more than one of the public journals of the day, argue from the brave and deficient manner in which the assassin met his death, that therefore he must be insane.

Sane or Insane.

One paper says. "Since reading of the remarkable nerve, and heroic fearlessness of death, displayed by Guiteau at the last moments, we are more than ever convinced that the man was a jabbering lunatic." If the editor had stood where we did, a year or two since, with in six feet of Thomas Francis Curley, when he was executed in the lower corridor of Montgomery County prison for the murder of Mary Ann Whitley, he would probably say that he too was a "jabbering lunatic." We do not believe that in the whole history of executions in the annals of crime, there could be found a parallel for Curley's cool, dauntless courage in the most trying circumstances to which human nature could be subjected. And yet he was comparatively speaking, only a boy. He was but 19 when he committed the most brutal and butcherly murder ever perpetrated in Montgomery county, upon a weak and defenseless lady too. There was cowardice in the murder, but none in paying the penalty. We were present when the death warrant was read to him by Sheriff Linderman. Not a feature quivered or change came over his handsome brown face, as he stood with legs widely apart, and his blouse knotted carelessly around his shoulders, and listened to the fatal decree that shut out hope, and consigned him to the grave. Nor was it a spirit of bravado that he said the drop was a good place to make a speech from, as he ascended the steps and passed beneath the rope to have his photograph taken, the day previous to his execution. On the same afternoon when handed a copy of his likeness, and he discovered that no stud had been placed in the front of his shirt he proposed to go on the drop again and have a better copy taken. When led to the execution, while the Sheriff and his deputies surrounded him and the priests chanted the service for the dying; when strong men turned aside and could not bear the ordeal of seeing a human being strangled to death like a dog; when even many among the army of reporters present turned their backs, and shut the scene from their eyes, he, the most concerned never wavered nor turned pale, at the last supreme moment.

We stood above him, only a few feet distant, in the upper corridor, and watched him intently. When the Sheriff drew the rope closer around his neck, Curley's eyes were clear, his face ruddy, in fact slightly flushed, neither hand or knee trembled, he stood firm as a marble statue, and met death like a brave man. Had he died in a good cause, in such a manner, he would have been canonized in history. Bravery, recklessness, indifference in facing death is then no proof of insanity. Guiteau had the blood frenzy upon him when he slew Garfield. The frenzy was excited by the selfish egotism of the man, at the moment, and the Devil of his brutal nature got the ascendancy over him.

Another demon of the same family, revenge, drove Curley to the shedding of innocent blood. Both were insane at the time of their deeds, but it was the insanity of unrestrained passion, and for which both were properly held responsible with their lives.

One paper says. "Since reading of the remarkable nerve, and heroic fearlessness of death, displayed by Guiteau at the last moments, we are more than ever convinced that the man was a jabbering lunatic." If the editor had stood where we did, a year or two since, with in six feet of Thomas Francis Curley, when he was executed in the lower corridor of Montgomery County prison for the murder of Mary Ann Whitley, he would probably say that he too was a "jabbering lunatic." We do not believe that in the whole history of executions in the annals of crime, there could be found a parallel for Curley's cool, dauntless courage in the most trying circumstances to which human nature could be subjected. And yet he was comparatively speaking, only a boy. He was but 19 when he committed the most brutal and butcherly murder ever perpetrated in Montgomery county, upon a weak and defenseless lady too. There was cowardice in the murder, but none in paying the penalty. We were present when the death warrant was read to him by Sheriff Linderman. Not a feature quivered or change came over his handsome brown face, as he stood with legs widely apart, and his blouse knotted carelessly around his shoulders, and listened to the fatal decree that shut out hope, and consigned him to the grave. Nor was it a spirit of bravado that he said the drop was a good place to make a speech from, as he ascended the steps and passed beneath the rope to have his photograph taken, the day previous to his execution. On the same afternoon when handed a copy of his likeness, and he discovered that no stud had been placed in the front of his shirt he proposed to go on the drop again and have a better copy taken. When led to the execution, while the Sheriff and his deputies surrounded him and the priests chanted the service for the dying; when strong men turned aside and could not bear the ordeal of seeing a human being strangled to death like a dog; when even many among the army of reporters present turned their backs, and shut the scene from their eyes, he, the most concerned never wavered nor turned pale, at the last supreme moment.

WARM WEATHER.

Is coming in earnest; and we have earnestly prepared for it, by laying in an elegant and very large variety of Summer Dress Goods of all desirable sorts. Many of them are much under value. Do you ask why? Why because the long spell of cool weather this spring interfered somewhat with the sale of these hot weather goods, and the manufacturers and importers to "unload" their large stock was never so full or cheap. Victoria lawns 10 cents to 30 cents—extra bargains at 12½ and 25c. Persian lawns are very sheer and cool. We have all grades—as much as 200 of one quality choice styles of dotted Swiss. Black colored lace bunting, 12½ cents and upwards. Nun's veiling, 25 cents to \$1.00. This reminds us of our 44 in. real French lace nun's veiling at 62½ cents. They are similar to the \$1.00 goods and are the best of the kind in Pottstown at 62½ cts. We don't call "second" at 62½ "the same goods" as perfect ones at \$1.00. They are similar. We have been watching up the styles in Satines and now have a large variety of the choicest of the season. Just opened a nice lot of black Rhadamens. They are very handsome, new, excellent wearing silks, with a face a little like satin. They will outwear a gros grain silk and are selling rapidly. We have the largest variety of cloths for men or boys in town. This can be seen at a glance. We make pretty little suits for boys, in all wool cassimeres, for \$4 to \$5 that beat city made suits for quality and price.

We have our new store well filled in every department. We are sure our efforts to always have a good selection of the latest styles, as well as our efforts to get into the large room we now occupy, have been appreciated by our customers, from the fact that our trade has increased over 50 per cent, during the past year. Our dress making has increased that instead of thirty hands as we had employed at the old store, we have over fifty in busy season.

LATER.

We just bought the best lot of the season in a choice assortment of lace bunting and veilings. They are, considering the scarcity of these goods an exceedingly valuable lot of goods both to us and to our customers because they are very desirable and very scarce. We just opened fine mits, fine laces, fine Swiss embroideries, fine parasols and fine styles in dress gingham and lawns.

HOWARD LEOPOLD, No. 229 High Street, Pottstown.

Philadelphia Produce Market.

Pensylvania Extra Family..... 5 50 @ 5 75

Western Extra..... 6 25 @ 7 00

Rye Flour..... 4 25 @ 4 50

GRAIN.

Red Wheat..... 1 17½ @ 1 40½

Corn..... 78 @ 83

Oats..... 50½ @ 62½

Rye..... 85

PROVISIONS.

Mess Pork..... 20 50 @ 22 30

Dried Beef..... 18 @ 19

Mess Beef..... 28 50 @ 32 00

Beef Hams..... 24 00 @ 26 00

Hams..... 15 @ 15½

Sides..... 14 @ 14½

Shoulders..... 9½ @ 10½

Pickled Shoulders..... 10½ @ 10¾

Lard..... 11 25 @ 13 50

SEED.

Flaxseed..... @ 1 50

Timothy..... 2 75

Clover..... 7½ @ 8

Philadelphia Hay Market.

During the week ending the above dated there were received at the Farmers' Hay and Straw Market—

Choice Timothy Hay per 100 pounds..... 1 00 @ 1 10

Mixed..... 85 @ 90

Straw per 100 pounds..... 65 @ 75

Philadelphia Cattle Market.

Beef cattle were dull and prices were a fraction lower. 3000 head arrived and sold at the different yards at \$6½c. per pound, the latter rate for extra.

Sheep were dull unsettled and lower. 17,000 head arrived at the different yards, at \$3½c. per pound, and lambs at \$6c. per lb., as to condition.

Hogs were in demand at full prices, 2000 head sold at the different yards at 10½c. per pound as to condition.

Special Bargains

at the Limerick Square

CARRIAGE WORKS !!

A number of new and second-hand carriages for sale very cheap. A full spring carriage; new Bar-Spring carriage, second-hand. A double seat PHAETON new; and others not mentioned. Call soon and secure bargains. All kinds of wagons and carriages made to order. Prices reasonable.

E. K. WELDNER.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

The undersigned begs leave to inform his farmer friends that he has a

TWO-HORSE POWER

THRESHER AND CLEANER,

and is now prepared for operation. Satisfaction guaranteed. The machine has been in use for several years and has given entire satisfaction. Address

L. E. Griffin.

Montg. Co., Pa. Yerkess P. O.

LIMERICK SQUARE

TIN-SMITH SHOP.

FULL STOCK OF

TINWARE

always on hand. STOVES and HEATERS sold and put up at low rates. Jobbing, a specialty. TIN-ROOFING and spouting done to order. Good workmanship and low prices. Give me a call.

J. W. Digele.

June 29-30.

If you want a Good Carriage

FOR LITTLE MONEY

GO TO

W. H. Blanchford,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

Collegeville Carriage Works,

You will be sure of being suited, as I have

Just received a large stock of new and second-hand carriages, three or four kinds of Piano Box carriages, also the Browder, Doctor and Electric Carriage. Come and examine my work and learn prices.

W. H. BLANCHFORD, Collegeville, Pa.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of Isaac B. Tyson, late of the township of Perkiomen, Montgomery County Pa. deceased. Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary upon said estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

REUBEN W. TYSON, Royersford P. O. ENOS TYSON, Schwenksville, P. O. EXECUTORS.

June 15, 82.

PUBLIC SALE

OF

FRESH COWS !!

Will be sold at Public Sale, on MONDAY JULY 10, at Perkiomen Bridge Hotel, One Car from York county. Good judgment was exercised in the selection of this stock, and it will be to the interest of purchasers to attend sale. Sale at 8½ o'clock a. m. Conditions by H. H. ALLEBACH, J. G. Fetterolf, auct. J. G. Detweiler, clerk.

SUNDAY PAPERS.

The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will be delivered to those wishing to purchase along the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe, every Sunday morning.

HENRY YOST, Collegeville.

WANTED.

10 or 12 ladies to learn Hat Trimming. Apply at once to IRONBRIDGE HAT MAN'G. ASSOCIATION Rahn Station. Ironbridge P. O.

WANTED.

A Hired Girl. Apply to LAMB HOTEL, Trappe P.

FOR SALE.

A combined Mower & Reaper in good running order. Will be sold very cheap, apply to JAMES R. WEIKEL, near Trappe.

FOR SALE.

Twelve Sucking Pigs. Apply to A. D. SIMPSON, near Limerick Square.

THOSE

Wishing to Purchase Fresh

BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON

Should remember that the undersigned passes through this section every

Wednesday and Saturday.

With a full supply of Fresh Meats, and will take pleasure in waiting upon those who may favor him with their custom.

B. F. ISETT.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS:

In pursuance of an Act of Assembly approved March 17, 1868, and supplementary acts thereto, the Treasurer of Montgomery County will meet the taxpayers of said county, at the following named times and places, for the purpose of receiving the State and County Taxes, for the year 1882, assessed in their respective districts, viz:

Borough of Pottsville, west end, at the public house of W. R. Shuler, Friday July 7, from 9 to 3.

Township of Lower Providence, at the public house of Jacob Laver, on Saturday, July 8, from 9 to 3.

Township of Limerick, at the public house of John S. Moore, on Monday July 10, from 10 to 4.

Township of Pottsgrove, Lower, at the public house of Nathaniel Fryer, on Tuesday, July 11, from 8 to 12.

Township of Pottsgrove, Upper, at the public house of F. R. Pappacker, on Tuesday, July 11, from 1 to 4.

Township of Douglass, west at the public house of Jacob L. Bickel, on Wednesday, July 12, from 8 to 11.

Township of Douglass, east, at the public house of F. B. Fox, on Wednesday July 12, from 1 to 4.

Township of New Hanover, at the public house of William Weand, on Thursday July 13, from 9 to 3.

Township of Frederick, at the public house of Milton S. Hauck, on Friday, July 14, from 8 to 2.

Township of Marlborough, at the public house of Samuel Harndt, on Monday, July 17, from 10 to 3.

Borough of Green Lane, at the public house of William Shippe, on Tuesday, July 18, from 8 to 11.

Borough of East Greenville, at the public house of N. B. Keely, on Tuesday, July 18, from 1 to 4.

Township of Upper Salford, at the public house of John Haring, on Wednesday, July 19, from 9 to 3.

Township of Upper Salford, east, at the public house of John G. Dannewer, on Thursday July 20, from 8 to 11.

Township of Upper Salford, west, at the public house of Isaac K. Ziegler, on Thursday, July 20, from 1 to 4.

Township of Lower Salford, at the public house of Isaac K. Ziegler, on Friday, July 21, from 9 to 3.

Township of Perkiomen, west, at the public house of David H. Bean, on Monday, July 24, from 9 to 3.

Township of Perkiomen, east, at the public house of Michael S. Croll, on Tuesday, July 25, from 9 to 3.

Borough of Lansdale, at the public house of A. Freed, on Wednesday, July 26, from 9 to 3.

Township of Franconia, at the public house of John Binder, on Thursday July 27, from 9 to 3.

Township of Hatfield, at the public house of Oliver Althouse, on Friday July 28, from 9 to 3.

Township of Towamencin, at the public house of A. S. Bickel, on Monday July 31, from 10 to 3.

Borough of Hatboro, at the public house of John B. Jones, on Tuesday August 1, from 10 to 3.

Township of Mooreland, Lower, at the public house of Ed. Engle, on Wednesday, August 2, from 8 to 12.

Township of Mooreland, Upper, at the public house of Thomas Dance, on Wednesday, August 2, from 1 to 4.

Township of Abington, at the public house of Samuel Hout, on Thursday August 3, from 10 to 3.

Township of Warrington, at the public house of Elijah Skene, on Friday, August 4, from 10 to 3.

Borough of Jenkintown, at the public house of J. P. Cottman, on Monday August 7, from 10 to 3.

Township of Cheltenham, at the public house of L. V. Clayton, on Tuesday August 8, from 8 to 3.

Taxes not paid to the County Treasurer on or before the 15th day of September, 1882, will be given in the hands of the collector, when 5 per cent. will be added for collection, as per act of Assembly.

Treasurer of Montgomery County,
County Treasurer's Office,
Norristown, May 15, 1882. } May 17.

ENTERPRISE MARBLE WORKS!

Royersford, Montgomery Co. Pa.

I would announce to my friends and the public, that I am now prepared to furnish all kinds of Marble Work, at reasonable prices.

MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES,

Of Italian or American Marble or Granite, in the finest and latest designs.

GALVANIZED RAILINGS,

For Enclosing Burial Lots, of different descriptions. Particular attention paid to Marble Work, for the bases of

BUILDINGS, STEPS, SILLS, ETC., ETC.

All work Guaranteed to give Satisfaction, and put up in a workmanlike manner. Any design furnished desired on Monuments or Tombstones. Work can be seen at the yard, or the different Cemeteries in the neighborhood, that has been turned out at the ENTERPRISE WORKS. Call and see me, and get prices. My expenses are low, therefore I can sell accordingly. My motto: "Low prices and fair dealings."

RESPECTFULLY,
D. Theo. Buckwalter.
June 8-ly.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehman, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents. Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent Office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge unless a patent is secured. Send for circular.

SOLDIERS

Now suffering from wounds or disease of any kind caused by military service are entitled to PENSION. Widows, minor children, dependent mothers or fathers of soldiers who died from the effects of their service are also entitled. Many invalid pensioners are entitled to an Increase. Careful assistance given in Delayed or Rejected Claims, as many can be allowed with but little more evidence. Complete instructions with references sent on application. CHAS. & GEO. A. KING, Attorneys-at-law, 916 F. St., Washington, D. C.

J. M. Albertson & Sons, Star Glass Works

NORRISTOWN, PA.
Manufacture a superior quality of WINDOW GLASS and SHADES, Warranted not to stain.

J. M. Albertson & Sons, BANKERS

NORRISTOWN, PA.
Interest Paid on Deposits as per agreement. Negotiable paper purchased. Money loaned on bonds, Mortgages, Stocks, Drafts for Sale on England, Ireland, Germany and other places. Passage tickets by the American line of ocean steamers. Railroad and other Stocks bought and sold on commission. Gold, Gold Coupons, Silver and Government Bonds bought and sold. Safe deposit boxes in burglar-proof vault to rent.

Buy The Best!! Tip-Top X X X FAMILY AND NEW PROCESS FANCY FLOUR.

Also a variety of feed always on hand and for sale at bottom prices.

F. W. Wetherill & Co., ABOLIA MILLS, COLLEGEVILLE, P. O. N. B. GIST WORK SOLICITED.

THOSE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON

Wishing to Purchase Fresh

Should remember that the undersigned passes through this section every

Wednesday and Saturday.

With a full supply of Fresh Meats, and will take pleasure in waiting upon those who may favor him with their custom.

B. F. ISETT.

J. H. KRAUT, --Cigar Manufacturer--

TRAPPE, PA. The different grades of cigars manufactured. Good tobacco in the hands of a good workman will make capital cigars. This is putting the whole business in a nutshell. Special brands made to order. Give Kraut's cigars a trial, and be happy.

BLACKSMITHING

The undersigned having located at Keeler's Smith Shop, a short distance west of Trappe, will take pleasure in executing all kinds of Blacksmithing work at short notice. Horse shoeing, Jobbing &c. Special attention given to Carriage and wagon ironing. Having had an experience of over 20 years at the business we feel confident of giving satisfaction to customers. Patronage solicited.

F. S. FREDERICKS.

NEW STORE!!

NEW GOODS!!

LIMERICK SQUARE, MONTG. CO. PA.

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he has opened a General Store at the above mentioned place, where he will be pleased to accommodate customers.

A full, fresh and complete stock of

Dry Goods,

Groceries,

Dried Fruits,

Crockery-Ware,

Hardware,

And in fact a good assortment of all kinds of goods usually kept in a well-stocked country store. To serve the public with the choicest and best goods at lowest prices, is our motto. A special Military department for ladies, where they can select the latest styled hats, bonnets, &c., or have them made to order.

I. H. HILTEBEITEL.

FOR A PERFECT TIME-PIECE GO TO



KLINE & SON,

Royersford Pa.

DEALERS IN

Rockford,

Elgin,

Waltham,

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

Spectacles, Silverware, &c. &c.

EXCELSIOR

Ice Cream & Confectionery Rooms

—OF OF OF—

A. C. FREED,

Royersford Pa.

I would announce to the public that I have remodelled my place of business, and at considerable expense fitted up two rooms in first-class style for the accommodation of my patrons, and can now say I have the most complete establishment of the kind in either Royersford or Spring City. Young folks will find this a pleasant place to come and enjoy a plate of

FREED'S Celebrated Ice Cream.

FRUITS AND FANCY CAKES,

In abundance. Particular attention paid to the furnishing of Ice Cream and Confectionery to Churches, Sunday Schools, Picnics and Private Parties at lowest rates. I have the control of a large Dairy, and all the latest improved machinery in the manufacture of Ice Cream; therefore my prices are very low. Will pay fair rent to Sunday Schools for exclusive right of woods on day of celebration.

Oysters & Clams, in Season.

RESPECTFULLY YOURS,

A. C. FREED,

Jy8-Am. Royersford Montgomery County, Pa.

Special Inducements

At Worrall's Mill,

Collegeville, Pa.

Choice Wheat Flour,

Manufactured and for sale at Lowest Market Prices. Our flour gives general satisfaction and we invite a trial of the same.

CLOPPING

done at short notice in a satisfactory manner. Full supply of all kinds of Feed always on hand. We cordially invite patronage and will do our best to give satisfaction to all.

S. T. S. WAGNER.

Old Stand Re-Opened,

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing to the public that he has re-opened the tin-smith shop, formerly occupied by J. Richards, Trappe, Pa.

Where he will fill all orders in the line of tin-smithing with promptness and dispatch at low prices. A full stock of TINWARE always on hand. Stoves of any desired make furnished at the lowest market prices. Strict attention given to Repairing, Tin Roofing and spouting. By attention to business, good work and reasonable prices we expect to merit and secure patronage.

A. F. BERTOLET.

Agriculture and Science.

Edited by J. K. HARLEY.

VALUE OF FODDER CORN.

"Give me good cornfodder, meal and short feed with it, and I can make more and a better quality of milk than I can with the same quantity of grain and hay."

This is the general testimony of all farmers who have made thorough trials of the feeding of fodder corn, in dairies when the manufacture of milk is the leading object. There has been, in previous years, some controversy as to the value of corn-stalks or fodder corn—not exactly one and the same thing, however,—but it has come to be quite generally settled now, and settled in favor of fodder corn as a most useful green feeding crop. But it has also been settled that, as far as the growing of this crop is concerned, it must be planted in drills and not sown broadcast, as is mostly none. These drills must be at least twenty inches apart, in order that sunlight and air may have free access to the growing plants, for where sown broadcast, the corn while growing does not obtain sufficient sun to mature or sweeten its juices, and hence is not so desirable for food. Or, as it is put by botanists, all plants depend for their healthy growth and nutrition upon the action of light and heat, and upon access of air, and any plant which, in its growth is deprived of these agencies, is abnormal, and not suited for the food of animals. Actual feeding experiments tend to prove that in green fodder corn, there are in a digestible form 73 per cent. of nitrogenous matter, 75 per cent. of the fat, 67 per cent. of the nonnitrogenous matter, and 72 per cent. of the cellulose or cellular matter. The rate of digestibility would be from 16 to 20 per cent. less in the dried state of the fodder; and the fodder from the sweet corn varieties is of far greater feeding value, pound for pound, over the yellow sorts, on account of the 8 to 12 per cent. of sugar which it contains.

Orchard and Hungarian grasses and rye are used in considerable amount for green fodder purposes, and they have some advantages in this respect. But sweet corn is better than either, if properly sown in drills, because it is easily cultivated, may be planted at intervals as deemed best throughout the season, and is more conveniently cut and handled when wanted for the use of the stock. There is a disadvantage over the others in curing it for winter use, but this remark has sole reference to its use in a green condition. Corn in drills for fodder purposes, may be sown up to the middle of July at intervals of two weeks; and the farmer may at any sowing take advantage of the peculiarities of the season to sow more or less, on dry land or moist, as the occasion warrants. By this means he is able to supplement the short pastures of late summer, or to provide for a deficiency of the hay crop from certain fields, which the changes of the season may make probable. Taking advantage of these peculiarities will allow him to secure the comfort and health of his stock, and increase his own profits.

CARE OF HORSES' HOOFES.—Lack of moisture is not necessarily a cause of brittleness of the hoof, since the hooves of the desert have the strongest hoofs in the world, in spite of the excessive dryness. A continued drought is especially dangerous when it acts on a foot accustomed to abundance of water. Under the action of water the horn cells absorb, increase in size and push each other apart. By its action, too, some of the gelatinous matter that builds up the horn is dissolved out, and when the hoof is again allowed to dry it has lost materially in its power of cohesion. The more frequently the process of soaking and drying is repeated the more hurtful it proves to the hoof, which becomes increasingly brittle and liable to split up and break off. If, further, this tendency to brittleness has been imbedded through generations of horses kept in climates where the feet are alternately soaked by drenching rains and withered by drying suns, the danger is proportionately increased, and the feet of such a race of horses are especially liable to splitting and injury. It is not habitual dryness that injures, it is the alternations of rain and drought. While upon this subject it may be well to note that the evil effects of moisture may be largely ward off by smearing the moistened foot with some impervious oily agent before exposing it to the drying process. In this way the moisture that has been absorbed by the horn is retained, the sudden drying and shrinking are obviated, and the horn remains elastic and comparatively tough.

As it is often needful to soak the foot in warm or cold water, or in poultices in cases of disease, it is all important that the above named precaution should be constantly borne in mind, and that the softened foot should be smeared throughout with some hoof ointment before it is allowed to dry and harden. For this purpose nothing is simpler nor better than a mixture of equal parts of wood tar and whale oil or lard. This may be smeared on the foot every other day.

In addition to the changes of weather, the frequent standing in rotting manure heaps or the pools of decomposing liquid manure, may be named as causes of brittle hoofs. In the dung heap

there is not only the moisture and steam soaking, and softening the hoof, but there is abundance of ammonia gas, which is especially calculated to soften, dissolve and destroy the horn. Rotten manure and putrid liquors, therefore, are much more injurious than pure water, muddy pools or wet clay. Again, the emanations of this kind are far from conducive to general health, so that they prove hurtful in two ways—first, by directly destroying the substance of the hoof, and second, by reducing the animal vigor, the power of digestion and assimilation, and the power of secreting good horn. Standing in such decomposing organic matter is still more injurious, however, when the animal is confined to a stall or box, for here the injurious effect of inactivity is added to the above-named conditions.

The farmer who lets all the liquids of his barn-yard run to waste is a spendthrift, however, "close-fisted" he may be with money. A practical farmer recently said: "On my farm on the Hudson river, I have built cisterns in the barn and stable, in which the liquid is collected. These cisterns are all connected, and one being built on a lower grade, they all empty into this one. When it rains I put a force-pump into the cistern and fill two water carts, such as are used in watering our streets, and scatter this liquid over the meadows. In forty-eight hours afterwards a change is perceived in the color of the grass." Another farmer, who has a similar arrangement in his barn-yard, says he saves 100 loads a year, and thinks the liquids worth as much as so many loads of solid manure.

The weight of soil on an acre of land is so enormous that small proportions of plant food may amount to very considerable quantities. Nine inches' depth of arable clay or loam soil will weigh when dry about 3,000,000 or 3,500,000 pounds. A pasture soil will be lighter, the first nine inches weighing, when dried and roots removed, about 2,250,000 pounds. Suppose a dry soil to contain only one-tenth of one per cent. of nitrogen, phosphoric acid or potash, the quantity in nine inches of soil will be from 2,250 to 3,500 pounds per acre.

THE HAPPY GRANGER.—Statistics show that so far this season the South has drawn on the North for wheat to the value of \$55,000,000; corn, \$50,000,000; provisions, \$72,000,000—making an aggregate of \$177,000,000. The sum indicated will make a very large hole in the net value of the South's cotton crop. The lesson of the past season, it is satisfactory to know, however, has not been without some excellent results in inducing the planting of an extended acreage in breadstuffs during the present year. As far as Texas is concerned, at least, the prospect for crops is simply the best that has ever blessed the State. From all quarters and in all directions reports come in that the prospect for corn, wheat, oats, barley, millet, etc., has never been better than at the present time, and that the State is fairly groaning under the abundance. The oat and wheat crops are largest ever grown in the State, the question now being to find markets for the product. Both these cereals are assured, subject to the contingencies of harvesting. Fruit of all descriptions is plentiful and assured. Corn is in fine condition and well advanced, while fat cattle and splendid grass are the universal rule in every portion of the State. In fact, everything in the eatable line that grows in Texas has never been known to be in greater abundance or in better condition than at the present time, with the prospect that the State will not only have enough to supply all wants for those who are here and who are daily coming in, but a large surplus to sell to the outside world. There has not been a great increase in the acreage planted in cotton in Texas, perhaps 5 per cent. covering the excess over last year, as applied to the whole State.

—Galveston, (Texas), News.

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